Smith's Report

No. 211 ***Challenging the Holocaust Taboo Since 1990*** **December 2014**

Online at www.codoh.com *Some of It Happened, Some of It Didn't*

Half a Century of Rebellion

Germar Rudolf Interviewed

October 2014

Q: Thanks first of all that you have agreed to this interview.

A: You're most welcome.

Q: And then, of course, happy birthday! How does it feel to be half a century old?

A: Thanks, well, not good. But then again, I don't really care. After 50 years we all are of the same age. And a year is a pretty arbitrary time span, cosmologically speaking, so it really has little meaning in the larger framework of the universe. That's how I try to look at it.

Q: That's quite a perspective to have. But let's keep it simple. Here on earth, and that's what counts for us humans for now, a year is an important time span. Looking back at your first fifty years on this planet, what strikes you most?

A: How much I have changed. When I grew up in Germany, I could never even imagine living elsewhere and speaking other languages as if they were mine. And now here I am, doing exactly that. I am also a little ashamed of the narrow mindset I used to have when I was young, and I can only imagine how ashamed I will be of my current mindset, should I ever reach 100 and be able to look back with

Germar Rudolf, A fine lad.
(Before revisionism.)

some wits left. I've grown mentally and matured, and the mere fact that I can recognize this is perhaps the good thing about turning 50. But I can also see that there is a lot of room left to grow and mature in the future.

Q: Talking about growth and change, when I look at your own website at www.GermarRudolf.com, it seems that the site has been static ever since your last posting of February 2013. There doesn't seem to be any growth or change going on there. What is going on?

A: I simply don't have the time to keep the website up to date. I have collected a number of items here at home, about which I would like to write about on my website, but I simply have other priorities.

Q: What are these other priorities?

A: Family, plain and simple. In early 2013 my wife and I got licensed as foster parents, and in April of that year two foster children were placed in our home. Ever since it's been an emotional roller coaster ride for all of us, in particular for me, the primary care giver.

Q: So you are taking care of these kids?

A: Yes, these two foster kids and our own biological daughter, plus the household coming with it. You know: house cleaning, lawn mowing, cooking and so on. My wife and I, we have what you might call inverted gender roles, if you take the usual gender roles as the norm where mommy stays at home and takes care of the kids and daddy pursues a career and provides financial security. My wife has a career she does not want to give up, and I had mine destroyed early in my professional life and little to resort to. So the choice came naturally. As a matter of fact, we had already decided in 2004, when we were expecting our daughter, that I would stay at home and take care of her.

Q: For most of your professional life you have been an author, editor and publisher of your two outlets, Castle Hill Publishers and Theses & Dissertations Press. And I might add that as such you had quite an impact. Wasn't that a career worth continuing?

A: No, not really. After I had been arrested and deported from the US back in 2005, my small publishing company got into serious trouble, as there was nobody at the helm with the required skills. By the time I got out of prison in 2011, there was little left that could provide financial security for a family.

Q: But you had started from zero before while being a family father, back in 1996. Why didn't you try this again in 2011?

A: True, I had built up that small publishing company against all odds, which also meant, though, that I was sacrificing my first family in the process. My first wife left me and filed for divorce, not the least because I was putting my work before my family. When I got a second chance with my second wife, my priorities had changed. I am simply not putting my family in jeopardy anymore for the sake of publishing controversial material. Especially not my kids. It did hurt tremendously when I had my first two kids taken away from me. I don't want to go through this trauma again. Apart, I love being a daddy. That is therefore my primary passion in life for the time being.

Q: Did prison change you after all? I remember reading letters you sent out of the German prisons where you were held for your writings. They sounded quite belligerent and rebellious. And even afterwards, in 2012, you published a book titled *Resistance Is Obligatory* that followed the same line. What has changed?

A: Well, what do people do when they are scared in the dark? They pretend to be courageous by whistling a song or talking loudly and proudly. That was part of it. You need a certain amount of rhetoric to get through rough times. Plus, I really didn't know back then what exactly I would do after my release. My wife and I decided to go the foster route only in late 2012 when our attempts at having another child of our own weren't going anywhere. I wasn't even sure I wanted another baby. Going a third time through the diaper things seemed a little too much for me. So starting with kids that were a little older seemed logical.

Q: And, do you regret this decision?

A: Sometimes yes, when the drama is peaking and frustrations wear me down. But usually I do not regret it, even if times are rough. The children of other parents who have gone through a lot of trauma of their own early in life are quite a different challenge than your own children. If you are a decent parent, your own kids have no trauma to deal with. Foster kids, however, usually come with so much emotional baggage that it really is a struggle to take care of them. And from my wife's experience, who has worked with troubled children for more than two decades, I know that sometimes these children remain scarred for the rest of their lives. No matter how loving and caring you are as a foster or adoptive parent, some of them will never be emotionally fully balanced and might never reach their full potential. And that is so sad to see.

Q: Is that what you are going through with the two kids you have taken on?

A: Well, when they came into our home, they were an emotional mess. They have come a long way ever since, but they both still have lots to work on. So it's an ongoing drama. On the other hand, I love children, and I want these children to be loved. So that's what I do. Then, after lots of tender loving care, of nurturing and guiding discipline, we started recognizing the progress they are making, how they are flourishing now, compared to what we first saw. And that is so rewarding. It simply makes me happy. More than anything else I could ever do. Plus I also see our own daughter grow emotionally when she does her part to help these two younger foster siblings

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NEWS AND NOTES

Bradley Smith

For some years now I have been writing a special cover-letter to go with the December issue of this *Report*. Needing a little shove to get going I was searching for cover letters I wrote here for Christmas in 2004 and hopefully in 1994. Or there about. It could be interesting. As it turned out I have no record of a Christmas letter for 2004, and in 1994 I was still doing *Prima Facie* for the Institute for Historical Review. I do have that issue but there is nothing about Christmas in it. But then I ran across an article I wrote in SR 204 that caught my attention. I had forgotten about it. I was struck about how the idea called to me. My expression of the idea. The simplicity of it maybe. I don't know.

THE LIGHT OF DAY
The Radical Beauty of Intellectual Freedom

Speech hurts. All important speech can hurt. Telling the truth about an important issue can hurt—someone. Lying about an important issue always hurts—someone.

Speech is like life that way. We can't get away from the hurt. Our mothers and our fathers die. Our friends die. Our dreams come to smash. Our children come to smash or die. Our dogs and cats die. It all hurts. Hurt is one of the great realities of conscious life. Trying to avoid hurt by avoiding speech is a dead end.

Human society, human beings, cannot exist without speech. Speech is indivisible from thought. If you can't think, what is there about you that is human?

Intellectual freedom is one of the great ideals of the university in the West. The right to free inquiry. The right to express dissident opinions. The right to participate in open debate with a free press. They are integral to the university. They are integral to the ideals of American culture as we have known it at its best.

The "Light of Day" is the beautiful image used by academics to express the radical ideal of intellectual freedom. I suppose this image originated with Matthew where, as tradition has it, he wrote that God made the sun to shine on the "good and the bad" alike. As He made the rain to fall on the "just and the unjust" alike.

The great beauty of the Light image lies in its emptiness. Being empty, its beauty is flawless. Light is without opinion, without knowledge, without attachment to theory, or argument. Light is flawless in the purity of its emptiness.

The promise of Light is to reveal everything that can be revealed to human consciousness, to human awareness, about a given. Light has nothing to say about what is true and what is false, what is moral or what is immoral. The promise of light is that it will reveal what is to the human mind, and the human heart, to everything it reaches.

Today, Light is there to serve those of us who support the Bush administration's conquest and occupation of Iraq, and it's there for those of us who condemn it. Light itself has no position on American policies in Iraq. With the illumination of Light, those policies can be vetted via an open debate in a free press.

Among academics, the most prominent voice arguing against Light is Deborah Lipstadt, author of *The Growing Assault on Truth and Memory*. Ms. Lipstadt is Professor of Modern Jewish and Holocaust Studies at Emory University. Her book is a very forceful polemic against the ideals of free inquiry, open debate, the expression of dissident ideas—in short, against Light.

In the interest of full disclosure, I should note here that Lipstadt devotes an entire chapter in her *Denying The Holocaust* to what she calls "The Battle for the Campus." In that chapter she focuses on my own work on campus, where I run essay-advertisements in student news-papers where I argue that the Holocaust question is an historical issue, not a religious one, and that in any case it should be examined in the routine manner in which every other historical question is examined. For us, old hat.

Lipstadt argues the contrary. She writes that any suggestion that there might be an "other" side to the orthodox Holocaust story, particularly the gas-chamber tales, is "the most frightening aspect of this entire matter."

It is unclear to me why the accusation that the Germans, accused of being unique among all peoples for their moral monstrosity, should not be free to defend themselves against an accusation they believe

is false, or why others should not be free to do so. There are those who charge that it cannot be demonstrated that Germans used homicidal gassing chambers to intentionally murder millions of Jews. Why do so many professors—so many Deborah Lipstadts—argue that Germans alone of all peoples have no right to argue their case in the Light of Day? Who benefits?

The unspoken assumption behind all that Lipstadt writes on this matter appears to be her fear that to investigate the gas chamber stories in the Light of Day will prove harmful to Jews. That is, free inquiry, open debate, and access to a free press will all be harmful to Jews. I challenge this bigoted assumption! Light will benefit Jews—for exactly the reasons it will benefit Germans and all the rest of us, in exactly the same way. In any case, how can it not?

It bas been my experience, and I have a lot of experience with this, that the overwhelming majority of the professorial class, including those in administration, regularly argue that Light should be available to some, but not to all. I will address here only what Professor Lipstadt has to say about Light. She writes:

It is naive to believe that the "light of day " can dispel lies, especially when they play on familiar stereotypes. Victims of racism, sexism, anti-Semitism, and a host of other prejudices know of light 's limited ability to discredit falsehood.

It is naive to believe that Light can dispel lies. What does Professor Lipstadt believe **will** dispel lies and discredit falsehood? Darkness? How many victims of racism do you know personally, how many victims of sexism, and anti-Semitism, do you know personally, who speak out against Light, in favor of Darkness, with regard to their own experience?

Consider chattel slavery in America. Let's try to imagine what would have happened to that institution if the Africans who were brought here, off-loaded on our docks in chains, had been allowed to enter the world of Light, to express their opinions on the pros and cons of some enslaving others? If they had been encouraged to bathe in Light rather forced to exist in Darkness for their rest of their lives? Where are the Professor Lipstadts, those academics through-out the American University, with regard to her Darkness of spirit?

At this writing I will suggest the simple (simplistic?) observation that if in fact Black Africans had been allowed access to the beauty and emptiness of Light once they were off-loaded on American docks, neither we nor they would now have to listen to another "Ferguson" mendacity.

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Tinseltown Goes to War

Ralph Raico

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I've just watched for about the third time the 1962 film, *The Longest Day*, a great action movie on the Allied invasion of Normandy. Among its several pluses: an all-star male cast, including a young Sean Connery, as well as a brief segment starring a seriously good-looking woman bearing a strong resemblance to Sophia Loren.

The Longest Day is filmed in black and white, adding, I think, to the authenticity. Remarkably, the many Germans actually speak their own language among themselves, instead of a heavily German-accented English. Curt Jürgens gives an excellent performance as a German officer bitterly skeptical of the Führer's leadership. His is the "good German" character popular in American movies around the time that West Germany was being integrated into NATO. The joshing Catholic padre, another stock figure in World War II films of the time, makes an appearance.

For me a spine-tingling scene shows another German officer patrolling the Normandy coast with his beautiful German shepherd dog. He's passing his Zeiss binoculars

(the best ever made) over the incoming waters of the English Channel when he stops and freezes. Then he starts screaming, *Die Invasion! Es ist die Invasion!* What he's seeing before him is the greatest assemblage of naval power in the history of the world. Of course, his superiors at head-quarters don't believe his tele-phoned report until it's too late and the Allies—Yanks, Brits, Canadians, and Gaullist French—have consolidated their beachhead.

.*The Longest Day* film

I would argue that another merit lies in the contrast to the way Hollywood portrayed the Japanese in the war. The best, or worst, example is the 1944 movie, The Purple Heart, loosely based on the Doolittle raid over Tokyo. A group of American airmen is captured hiding in China and put on trial for war crimes. (Since the men had engaged in the indiscriminate bombing of civilians, they were clearly guilty.) The movie recounts this fictional trial.

The Purple Heart offers some heartwarming clichés. The airmen include a Lt. Canelli, a Sgt. Skvoznik, and a Sgt. Greenbaum, a smart, brash Jewish lawyer from Brooklyn—persons previously known to their fellow countrymen as wops, polacks, and kikes. But now every last one of us was needed to build that world of love and laughter and peace ever after, with bluebirds over the White Cliffs of Dover. Just you wait and see. Tomorrow. When the World is Free.

The Japanese want to know the location of the aircraft carrier the Americans flew from, and the interrogator is a General Mitsubi, played by Richard Loo. Loo, though actually a Chinese, assumed the role of the evil, smirking Japanese officer in lots of Holly-wood offerings. Here he deals out insults, threats, and harsh treatment to the Americans. Skvoznik, when he appears again in court, is mute, catatonic, constantly twitching: he's been beaten and crippled. His buddies are aghast, while the German war correspondent smiles.

The leader of the Americans, handsome Dana Andrews, the quintessential fighting hero in those days, delivers a fire-breathing speech of defiance at the end. Curiously, he concludes by spitting out the promise that the U.S. air force will burn the cities of Japan to the ground—thus confessing to a major war crime, that was subsequently in fact committed, in advance.

At one point, the judge—no poster boy for judicial impartiality—starts yelling, Corregidor has fallen! Corregidor has fallen! With the fortress in Japanese hands, Manila is theirs. The spectators fall into a frenzy, and in the eeriest footage the navy and army men draw their swords and engage in grim-faced, clanging sword play, dramatically highlighted. The Yanks stare, stunned by the utterly alien scene being enacted before their eyes. For the movie audience, a perfect setup for an Orwellian Two-Minute Hate.

The revisionist historian James Martin once wrote that during the war there were probably millions of Americans who thought that, with the little yellow men, we were literally fighting a species of sub-humans. That illusion was created by films like this one and many others, including Across the Pacific, with Humphrey Bogart and the great Sidney Greenstreet, the fat man in the white suit, as a Jap-loving professor of sociology at the University of Manila (!). They were aided by the rest of the media, as in Life magazine's notorious depiction of the Japanese as hordes of devouring rats. At least the Germans, though wrong-headed, robotic followers of their mad Leader out to conquer the world, were not usually shown as alien sub-humans.

There were a number of anti-Nazi films during and even before U.S. entry into the war. But the attitude of the motion picture community to Communism and the Soviet Union was quite different. The Boy from Stalingrad (1943), Song of Russia (1944), and other productions informed Americans of the happy life led by the citizens of the Marxist utopia and of their death-defying resistance to the German invaders. Two films of this genre stand out.

The script for North Star (1943) was written by Lillian Hellman, who later lied under oath in denying that she had ever been a member of the CPUSA. It starred Dana Andrews (again), Walter Huston, and Anne Baxter, music was by Aaron Copland, lyrics by Ira Gershwin—the entertainment industry's royalty. It was nominated for six Academy Awards (naturally). There's no doubt that the current consensus is correct: North Star is unabashedly pro-Soviet propaganda.

Mission to Moscow (1943) is based on the memoirs of the US ambassador, Joseph E. Davies. It features music by the preeminent Hollywood composer, Max Steiner. Again, we see Russian workers and collective-farm members, cheerfully toiling their hearts out for the Motherland under the benevolent, all-seeing eye of the Vozhd. Mission to Moscow was promoted by FDR himself, and lavishly praised by the country's most important

film reviewer, Bosley Crowther of the New York Times.

A rightwing nut-job might complain that this steady stream of Red rubbish by owners, producers, and directors revealed something rotten, even sinister, about the culture and ruling elite of Hollywood. But who cares what he might say? He is, after all, just a rightwing nut-job.

Now, finally, back to *The Longest Day* and its many serious minuses. The French civilians of Normandy are portrayed as jubilant at getting their homes blown up. Yet, the historical truth is that they were scared out of their wits. With reason, since more French civilians, at Le Havre and elsewhere, were killed by Allied bombs than English killed by the Germans in the Battle of Britain. The death of their compatriots remained a sore point with the French survivors for years afterwards.

The GI warriors always rush into battle bravely, eager and clear-eyed, often with a humorous quip. There's not the slightest allusion to all the cowed conscripts, wetting and soiling themselves in terror of their impending death, blindness, or loss of legs and arms. In Hollywood's version of the war, they never existed.

But the worst demerit of the movie is that it continues and exemplifies what my friend and libertarian scholar, Joseph Stromberg, has called the seven centuries of Anglo-Saxon self-congratulation. The Longest Day gives the impression to the easily impressionable and historically clueless (the vast majority) that the Second World War was won on the western front, principally by the United States and Britain. It never gives the viewer an inkling that in the west the Wehrmacht was mostly composed of older men and raw recruits. The best German divisions, 175 of them, were fighting on the eastern front, against Stalin. It was there that the Second World War was won, and lost. Won not by the Anglo-Saxons but by the Russians, and lost by the Germans. Then followed the Red Army's orgy of rape and murder. Hundreds of thousands of German females were raped, from little girls to old women, most of them gang-raped, many raped to death. Ilya Ehrenburg, the Soviet propagandist, publicly urged on the conquering rapists, and that loathsome gay man, Christopher Isherwood, publicly praised them for their robust virility. Today, all of this has been expunged from the historical record — it never even existed in Hollywood's version — just another one of the forgotten episodes from "the Last Good War."

Germar Rudolf Interviewed

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become better persons. My daughter is absolutely amazing in this regard. She is an awesome role model for them.

Q: So are you out of revisionism for good then?

A: No, but I do more of an assisting job with various projects in the background. I have a lot of experience and knowledge in the field, and I want others to benefit from it on their way to making a difference. For now it's simply time for me to step back and let others do what needs to be done.

Q: I take it from this that your views and emotions about revisionism have not changed?

A: No, not at all. Well, maybe marginally when it comes to revisionism's role in the world. But not about its scholarly approach and contents.

Q: What do you think about revisionism's role in the world?

A: I've become more of a purist. I think revisionism ought to be an academic enterprise and should avoid any entanglement with social or political groups. At this moment, there is no chance that revisionism will have a considerable breakthrough anywhere. We need a major paradigm shift in the Western world for this to happen. So for now, all we can do is collect evidence and prepare it in a way for posterity to see and understand, once the time has come.

Q: Hasn't that always been your position?

A: Well, I may have had that insight, but I myself was acting against it at times, because I thought for many years that a breakthrough is imminent. I don't believe in breakthroughs anymore.

Q: Any examples you care to give about such an entanglement of revisionism with politics?

A: That's a question I hate, because no matter what I say, there will be people resenting it, and I've had it with resentment. So I take the 5th.

Q: You have given David Duke several interviews over the past three years. He's very political in his approach, is he not?

A: Yes.

Q: Doesn't that count as a case of entangling revisionism with politics?

A: No, because first of all Germar Rudolf is not revisionism. When I talk to David Duke or anyone else, I am talking as an individual, not as a representative of a school of historiography. In addition, even if I were talking as a representative of something, talking to people is a profoundly human activity which should never be curtailed. I therefore reserve the right to talk to anyone who talks to me in a decent way. What I was referring to was entanglement on an organizational level.

Q: Will we see you again as an openly active revisionist at some point in the future?

A: Maybe. I keep my options open. It all depends…

Q: What's your most important wish for your 50th birthday?

A: Apart from the usual wishes – happiness and health for me and my loved ones?

Q: Let's focus on revisionism.

A: Well, I still wish for a breakthrough. But it doesn't come by itself. It needs a lot of work and dedication, perseverance and circumspection.

Q: Well, this won't happen for your 50th, I'm afraid. Maybe something smaller. What would you wish from our readers?

A: An understanding for my current priorities in life, and if they think revisionism is important, I'd hope they'd chip in wherever they think they can.

Q: Thanks a lot for this interview

A: I'm the one who has to be grateful for giving me your audience.

Some of it Happened, Some of it Didn't

CODOH

Committee for Open Debate On the Holocaust

Senator Dianne Feinstein
331 Hart Senate Office Bldg.
Washington, D.C. 20510
Phone: (202) 224-3841

14 November 2014

Dear Senator:

I am writing to ask you to oppose the so-called "The 'Nazi' Social Security Benefits Termination Act," the bill that strips Social Security benefits from people who served in the German Services during World War II. The proposed legislation smacks of being a bill of attainder. The overwhelming number of the old men affected by this bill has not been shown to have committed any crime other than incorrectly filing out their immigration documents years ago. Almost all these men were teenagers inducted into military service. It is entirely inaccurate to classify them as "Nazis." The bill will also punish their wives for no reason that I can understand.

Almost uniformly, the victims of this legislation have paid into Social Security for decades. I would hope that Congress would have more respect for the contractual aspects of Social Security payments than to change the rules after the years of receiving payments. The eagerness of Congress to bash a group of an elderly class of pariahs is disconcerting. Thank you for considering this e-mail

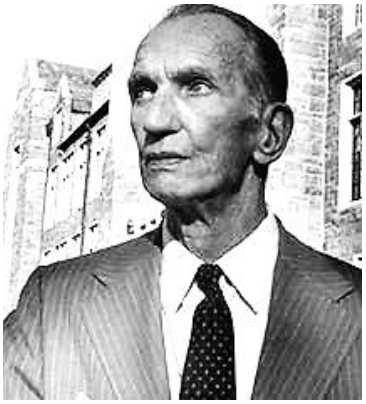
Andrew Allen
(Street address removed by CODOH)
Contact: 209 682 5327

The Karski Report: the Holocaust in Miniature

Jett Rucker

This issue of *INCONVENIENT HISTORY* features an article by Friedrich Jansson that is appropriate to the Year 2014, designated by the Sejm (legislature) of Poland the Year of (Jan) Karski, the intrepid courier/witness for the London-based government-in-exile of Poland, born in Poland one hundred years ago. The article discloses, for the first time of which I, an occasional student of the matter, am aware, the tortuous experience of the reports rendered in December 1942 by Karski, whose effigies today grace parks and university campuses from New York to Jerusalem. Celebrated in a 1994 hagiography titled *Karski: How One Man Tried to Stop the Holocaust*, his exploits on one undercover mission into the heart of German-occupied Europe have, as delineated in Jansson's masterful recapitulation, undergone a series of (partial) expungements and reconstructions that in their particulars and in their severity uncannily mimic the expungements and reconstructions that produced the Holocaust Narrative(s) with which everyone, at least who grew up in the West in the Twentieth Century, has been inculcated, with the usual result of entrenched, if unconsidered, belief in extensive untruths.

To rely upon the novel, but to me seemingly unchallengeable conclusions of Jansson's article, Karski undertook a hazardous mission into German-occupied Europe in the service of his London (non-Communist) Polish employers to garner material that might serve his employer's purposes, which were both to oppose the present German occupation of Poland and to counter the efforts of a competing (Communist) entity in Moscow to gain international approval for their (ultimately successful) project of being recognized as the legitimate



Jan Karski

government of Poland. For this enterprise, Karski's employers had decided, like the British with their Balfour Declaration and other such maneuvers, to capitalize on the global financial strength of international Jewry, and in pursuit of this part of their agenda, to assign Karski to penetrate not only the Warsaw Ghetto, but at least one "extermination camp." Karski dutifully visited the Warsaw Ghetto (presumably no difficulty for him, as he had been supplied with papers identifying him as non-Jewish), and from there was directed to the "extermination camp" of Belzec, a small town 300 km to the southeast, where his contacts in the ghetto assured him he might witness an extermination camp in operation.

Karski (again, following Jansson and other reporters) went to Belzec, and there found no evidence of an extermination camp, but rather, a scene that closely fitted that of a transit camp.

And there, the problems arose. Karski, upon his return to London in November 1942, apparently first reported what he saw, though the accounts upon which we are forced to rely for that are, at the very least, interested. Interested in what? The answer is, several details, and one overriding concern: that the German occupiers be shown to be intent upon annihilation of the Jewish race, at least as it exists in Europe. And this concern required that Belzec in fact be the extermination camp that the anti-German party line insisted that it was, and not a mere transit camp from which inmates went forth to fates that could not be described with any degree of specificity, much less credibility.

Concern about such matters was somewhat out-of-body for the Roman Catholic cadre that ran the London-based government-in-exile of Poland. But it was expedient—to a degree that bore on the success, the very life, of the group. This faction had to consider two potential deal-killers possibly residing in the hearts of Poles in Poland: sympathy for communism and hatred of the Jews. It had to choose between these predilections on the part of the modal Pole on the ground in the

contested territory. It chose to side with the Jews, against the communists, a fact made ironic by the domination by Jews of the Communist regime that ultimately took over Poland after World War II.

Karski's report, then, for all the horrific detail true, exaggerated, and false, that it contained, undermined this agenda more than it served it. So it was suppressed. The London Polish government issued a Note to the Allies arrayed against National Socialist Germany dated December 10, 1942, in which it delineated all manner of genocidal atrocities against Jews by the enemies of said "government," including, at Belzec, murder by electrocution of all (Jews) transported thence.[1] The exigencies of propaganda and international (military) conflict are such that the particulars of Karski's eyewitness account had to be suppressed, at least until this proclamation had its intended (immediate) effect, that is, the issuance of the Joint Declaration by Members of the United Nations of December 17, 1942,[2] which claimed for the powers opposing Germany the divine purpose of protecting Europe's Jews from the depredations upon them of which it accused National Socialist Germany, perhaps a reprise of the United States's issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation at a similar point (about three years in) in the course of America's War between the States.

After this critical event, Janson's account explains, parties hoping to gain from particulars—carefully selected and judiciously edited—of Karski's intrepid exploits publicized their favored versions of where he went, when he went there, what he saw, and what he made of it, sometimes without his knowledge of what they were publicizing, at other times with his complicity in "shading" the occasional detail or interpretation thereof. Between his understandable desire to serve his employer's—and his country's, as he must have seen it—immediate needs and his own requirements for continued employment and regard, Karski's own cooperation with the many campaigns of deception surrounding him seems more than understandable, particularly in the light of his subsequent utterances, whether calculated or careless, to set the record of what he saw straight.

Jan Karski Bench in Warsaw at the Museum of the History of Polish Jews

What strikes me about this Saga of Karski is how the forces of interested, and sponsoring, parties' imperatives interacted with Karski's observations and his reports thereof, and with Karski's own enduring self-interest and with the interests of the various media and entities that so-to-speak fed upon his testimony produced a narrative that, viewed over time through the lens so assiduously provided us by Jansson, squirmed and wriggled in a pattern that reveals the forces themselves and the agendas motivating those who applied those forces.

The sponsoring party, the London-based Republic of Poland, is long gone. Also gone is the Soviet-Union-sponsored Communist regime that controlled Poland until about 1990, replaced by one that has sought membership in the European Community and NATO. Very much with us today, however, is the sovereign promoter of international Jewry, Israel, and the compelling narrative defended by its advocates of the Holocaust. Also with us, if only in the nature of annoying gnats buzzing about our eyelashes, is the "corporal's guard" of revisionists who have been advancing a cover story in fact invented by their dominant adversaries that Karski actually visited only a "sorting" camp at Izbica Lubelska, some distance from Belzec. Jansson's account destroys this particular spin on Karski's movements, dispositively.

But history, it would seem, is a football, as an object of contention between competing teams is aptly called, and just like the ball in a contest of what Americans call soccer, it is kicked back and forth, up and down, into goals, and outside them, by groups warring with all their might to make it go one way or another. The football analogy, however, is grossly deficient on at least one score, and that is the number of contending teams, and even the number of goals being sought in the contest. Originally, the contest in which Karski found himself caught up seemed to involve a mere three teams: the Communists, the non-Communist London government-in-exile, and

the Germans, who held the ground in question. Over time, however (much more time than is involved in the usual football match), a group previously considered pawns in the game, the Jews, gained ascendancy by various means including the creation of the state of Israel, and it could be they, along with their massively powerful amen chorus in the United States, who have acquired the means to keep the game afoot, as it were, in the service of their own agendas and propagandistic desiderata.

Jansson's article powerfully depicts the "football" nature of history in general, but in particular that portion of history that concerns itself with the experiences of the Jews of Europe during the time of territorial expansion that Germany undertook during its interval of National Socialism. And like the Karski football, the Holocaust football has been "all over the field" over its long and active life. Putting aside prewar adumbrations such as those cataloged in Don Heddesheimer's 2003 *The First Holocaust*, the Note from the Republic of Poland cited above may have been the "kick-off" for the historical event that over-shadows all others before or since, with the subsequent United Nations Declaration counting as the "extra point" (this analogy from American football).

The "launch" provided by the Note of December 10, despite styling its own details as "fully authenticated," was wobbly enough. Larded throughout with phrases such as "As far as is known" and "It is reliably reported," the Note details the specialization of the Belzec camp in murder by electrocution while assigning the use of poison gas to that at Chelmno. It takes one detail from Karski's report and relates the use of corrosive chemicals on the floors of railcars to slowly and painfully kill the Jews forced to ride in said rolling torture chambers.

From there, the Holocaust was off on a merry chase that eventually revived the tired World War I canard of soap made from the fat of murdered Jews, lampshades made from human skin, and so on in a litany that is repeated (though critically) even in the pages of this very journal.

I have found it illuminating to project the patterns depicted in Friedrich Jansson's article upon what I know, what I have heard, what I used to know, and what I now disbelieve, of the Holocaust.

It seems, upon due consideration, to be all of a piece. And by no means just as to the Holocaust.

Notes:

1 Republic of Poland. Note Addressed to the Governments of the United Nations on December 10, 1942. Hutchinson & Co. Ltd., New York, London, Melbourne, 1942.

2. Members of the United Nations. Joint Declaration by Members of the United Nations of December 17, 1942. Read in the House of Commons, London, 1942.

NEWS AND NOTES

Continued from Page 3

*** A **New Israeli study finds signs of trauma in grandchildren of Holocaust survivors.** This study http://tinyurl.com/nkn5zjq detects "unprocessed," "indirect" signs of post-trauma, "or" problems in communication and interaction systems, among second-and-third-generation descendants of Holocaust victims. Covers most all bases, eh?

This would call for more reparations, in my view, on into the fourth and fifth generations of these newly discovered Jewish victims. The U.S. Congress is willing, eager, to fund these reparations by law and by exerting influence on others to do the same. Jews were "holocausted" so there can never be an end to the profits they deserve. There can never be an end to shining an independent light onto these particular victims and their particular victimizers. It is all justified morally, and legally, because Germans used gas chambers to murder millions of Jews. That's a fact that cannot be questioned. Not by academics, journalists, or politicians. With re to the Holocaust story, they are all on the take, protecting their income, their careers, their income. Their incomes. The ***overwhelming*** majority of these fearful, intellectually and morally corrupt individuals are found in social and political communities that are not Jewish. The sheer numbers involved are immense. Again, it's us. It's not them.

And Then It Was Christmas 2014

Returning to the notion of radical beauty, light and emptiness. I used to refer to my wife Irene as "La Pistolera." A tough and dangerous lady.

La Pistolera

That was before we married. After some 35 to 40 years (I'll have to ask) here is how she feels about life now. In spite of everything.

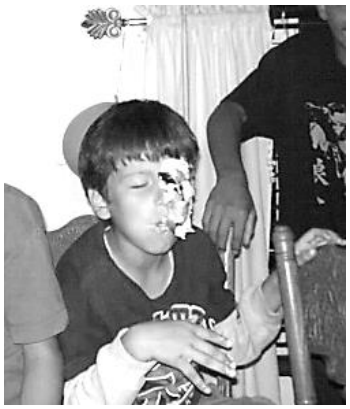
Grandma Irene

Why would the two photos above cause the brain to recall the radical beauty of light and emptiness?

I don't know.

It's not quite Christmas yet, but there is a birthday party for Little Brad the end of every October, and one for Anthony at the beginning of every November. Grandma is taking the photo below and is giving directions that make some of us laugh. This was at Lil Brad's party when he turned nine.

This is the night of Anthony's 6th birthday. Brad is holding a new cat, kitten, that has been named *Ninita* – "Baby Girl."



Here is Lil Brad after having his face pushed into his birthday cake for his ninth birthday. Which is a Mexican tradtion—for children, that is. A moment later it got a lot messier. Laughing all around.

And then below is a photo of the mother of Lil Brad and Anthony, our daughter Paloma. It's cut out from a photo with me. I came out very blank, or white, in the photos we took. That's maybe why, in an earlier day, I would have been known generically as a "paleface."

Paloma Kathleen Smith

As I mention to her every now and then, I've seen homelier girls.

***** So here we are**. I want to thank all of you for all your support all this last year—to say nothing of the years, even decades before. I am not particularly happy about how the work went this year, but that's how it is in life. Some years the work works better, some years not. It's like life that way—ups and downs, ups and downs.

It looks like I will begin chemotherapy again, in January. Third time. It's been one thing and another for six years now with the cancer thing. Not much suffering really, but mucho tiredness. The tiredness does affect the work.

Nevertheless, with the help of an inventive Web technician here, I am set up to address "Hillel: The Foundation for Jewish Campus Life" www.hillel.org . To address it all with one issue: The Radical Beauty of Intellectual Freedom.

Hillel is the largest Jewish campus organization in the world. They engage with college students at more than 550 universities across the globe. Students affiliated with Hillel act as "terrorists" (to coin a phrase) to intimidate academics and those who pay them into eliminating the beauty of academic freedom at those 550 campuses.

And we will not forget the SS Shoah Foundation at USC. They will be on our master list with Hillel. This is a project that none of us has ever attempted. I'm talking about tens of thousands of Jewish students and their professors.

A last word: I wish you and your family and your friends a merry Christmas (as they say) and a very good New Year in 2015.

Bradley

*****

If you find this work valuable, please take a moment to contribute.

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